

Let him goe Gertrard, do not feare our person,
There's such diuinity doth hedge a King,
That treason cannot peepe to what it wou'd,
And's little of his will, tell me Laertes
Why thou art thus incenst, let him goe Gertrard,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell alegiance, vowes to the blackest diuell,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reuengd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
That shall goe farre with little.

King. Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere father, i'th writ in your reuenge,
That soope-stake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide Ile ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sensible in griefe for it,
I shall as leuell to your iudgement pearce
As day dooes to your eye.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
Now now what noyse is that?

O heate, dry vp my braines, tear es f
Burne out the sence and vertue of m
By heauen thy madnes shall be pay
Till our scale turne the beame. O F
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet Oph
O heauens, ist possible a young mai
Should be as mortall as a poore ma
Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd
And in his graue rain'd many a tear
Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and
It could not mooue thus.

Oph. You must sing a downe a
And you call him a downe a. O ho
It is the false Steward that stole his

Laer. This nothing's more then

Oph. There's Rosemary, that fo
member, and there is Pancies, thats

Laer. A document in madnes, th

Oph. There's Fennill for you, a
you, & heere's some for me, we may
you may weare your Rewe with a d
giue you some Violets, but they w
they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy

Laer. Thought and afflictions, p
She turnes to fauour and to prettine

Oph. And will a not come again
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast a
God a mercy on his soule, and all Ch
God buy yous.

Laer. Doe you this O God.

King. Laertes, I must commune v
Or you dency me right, goe but a pa